

# IVDAS KISSE

TO THE SONNE

OF JAH REE.

MADE BY JAMES COCKBURN.

*Is verò qui prodebat eum dederat eis signum, dicens, Quemcumque  
osculatus fuero, is est: prehendite eum. Math. 26. 48.*



EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY ROBERT CHARTERIS

Printer to the Kings most Excellent Majesty.

An. Dom. MDCV.



# TO THE READER.

**W**HO euer thou art presents vnto this eie,  
This naughtie pamphlet of grutest vorth:  
Naughtie, in the great ignorant that be  
Within the beare of him that say it fourth  
But great, & vnunderous great, so thee I tell  
Is it, in the great greatnesse of it self.

With sober iudgement censure euerie lyne,  
Scorne not the metre for the matter sake  
Let not disdaine posses that beare of thyne,  
But rather stirre me vp to undertake  
Some worke of vorth, since I a count must pay  
Of enerie yds used in this great day.



EDINBURGH

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1794

**TO THE HONOURABLE LADIE OF  
HIGHEST HOPE MISTRESSE  
Irene Hamiltone Lady Skirling.**

**T**O thee sweete Nymbe, whose eyghtene yeeres of age,  
Exceeds the best borne bloud, and all that haue  
Breath in their breast, shewes my life I pledge,  
In gifts that euer Nature vnto women gaue.  
Modest and meeke, sweete, comely, cleauely, grane,  
Matchlesse in forme, of beaute passing faire:  
Librall of heart, quick, vnto to confound  
The darkest sentences, or sayings rare,  
Thy graces all, with vnhauens may compare  
Maks me euery happie in this worke of mine,  
Happie in finding one, whose louing care,  
So leardlie can defend the small propyne,  
But happie, thou with an Angels face,  
Should be the mother of our famous race.

**TO THE NINE MVSES.**

**T**O you sweete sisters mine, whose care is kend  
To mount the myndes of men among your winges:  
Causing the trimmest spirits their talents spend  
To sound your praises in fantastick things.  
Some to proclaim the rising, fall of Kings,  
Some battels bold to ioyne with Egels pen:  
And some brane vnto breast vnto you sing  
Ladies disceatfull loue to doating men.  
Bot I, euen I, who neuer care did len  
To your brame-feeding verse, mynde-mouing style  
As foolish fictions all, I them misken,  
Trueth bids me try my skill, trueth to compyle:  
And sing with mourning ioy, and drerie sound  
The death of him that lanc'd my deadly wound.

TO THE IONIAN MUSE.

**A** Marble Muse would have a mourning Muse  
A subject sad, a language low, and a style  
In place of Iake both rivers to increase  
That in their voracious mouths may cause their verse  
The basest breath with such passions swell  
What sadder subject than the fall of Troy  
What treason greater than the fall of Troy  
What Kingdom than the fall of Troy  
Who for mans credit and merit  
Then of the Muses all would sing  
The same to sing as the Sacred Spirit

How I to treat you with such words  
My tongue to such a style and such a way  
Vill be barbarous and of such a style  
Of loose style I cannot find  
For Christ the Lord of such a style  
That simple and plain as the  
To this, O Lord, another name I take  
Since I of sinners all the most am one  
Thy Spirit be my guide and my defence  
So high, so holy, rare, and so divine  
Grant mercy to my soul and to my kin  
In serving thee I find my only end

TO THE IONIAN MUSE.

# IVDASKISSE TO

THE SONNE OF MARTE

Cvm'de was the cyte, wbe, woe was acher fote  
The Marlor fette, fette sonne was acher fote  
By the carbs excrement, fette fette fette fette  
For thre fette fette fette fette fette fette  
Given by the fette fette fette fette fette fette  
Iesusthat fette fette fette fette fette fette

Ah that all eyes did not dissolve in it  
In thinking how that fette fette fette fette  
As if he had been fette fette fette fette  
Before the world, all fette fette fette fette  
With fette fette fette fette fette fette fette  
To fette fette fette fette fette fette fette

Foull acher fette fette fette fette fette fette  
Incense the fette fette fette fette fette fette  
Why that great box of fette fette fette fette  
On Christ was fette fette fette fette fette fette  
And was fette fette fette fette fette fette fette  
The fette fette fette fette fette fette fette

**O** wretched worme, & most dishonourable  
His well musing for thy houghtie greed  
Villain dog, great was thy tolle, who euer was  
Which that first man he was turne in boyling seas  
Thy soule to seeth, that vnto Pilat sent  
Our Lord, thy Master and an innocent.

**W**hen hee was loeing all that rebels were,  
The downy winter speede might fetch the Guard  
Organe the Lord of his owne flesh to eat,  
With blood to drinke, and Passover prepared  
As was the custom, but all these gifts hee  
As though hee were to his heart euer.

**F**or be that saint had frid, One of you well,  
Vnto the Serpent's right shall be betray  
The tempting spirit was in his bottom still  
Possess his soule, true comfort went him fray  
Which when our Saviour saw, he said him to,  
That which thou hast resolued, go quicklie to.

**T**hen out he went in silence to himselfe,  
Raging in heart, with fire flaming eyes  
His diuclish thoughts strange tragiques inuaded,  
How his contraires he might conuade  
Wherein his whole life and conscience  
And of his whole life and conscience

8.

Now had darke silent night lught me fions friend  
 Overmantled all the earth in fable hews  
 Wrapt was the Moone in fume that like he shynde  
 The tyrie lant of heauen was withdren:  
 Howe and howe the world was in the fume  
 The fume was for foule and fume

9.

Within their wings fume birds short billes chey hide  
 Roke with the wylde on fumes of trouble and fume  
 Feeld feeding flockes to cliftes and caues they fide  
 Such was the raging of the roaring fume  
 No fume of comfort fume could fume the fume  
 Saue Serpents fume and Crocodiles fume

10. .4.1

In this fad feafon fume did fume fume fume  
 His Fathers will and fume did him fume  
 Brooke Cedron co the fume fume fume fume  
 As was his fume fume fume fume fume  
 And to the fume of fume fume fume  
 With fume Peter fume fume fume fume

11.

.2.1

O gardene gay greene fume fume fume fume  
 Let weeping fume fume fume fume fume  
 To tell the fume fume fume fume fume  
 The cheekes of fume fume fume fume fume  
 And for his fume fume fume fume fume  
 In name of fume fume fume fume fume

12. 8  
A part he went from his Distinct deare  
Bruised with sin vpon his face he fell  
His Fathers wrath before him did appeare  
The vgly horror of Death he saw  
That oft he wept in his heart  
Till teares and sweate in people he saw

13.  
With heauie weight his eyes he did enclose  
Ouerflowed with water when he saw they fought  
His tender hands to see his voyes  
With pearle indented all he found  
And weeping he saw  
For he saw the death he had

14. 10  
O Father deare, I humbly thee beseege  
This cuppe of sorrowe I will not see  
And of thy mercie I do praye  
Adams poore soule I praye  
Or if thou hast no more  
Assist my soule in this way

15. 11  
Incline thine eare, O Father deare  
Grant glorie in this way  
The task is ended of this way  
None have lost heere  
Except perdition  
The fierie chaine

16.  
Who had beheld the difference great did see  
Twixt Iesus Christ and them that crucified him  
He plunged in paine with agonie extreme  
They sleeping the while with slumber eye  
Swaine after him people he groined sore  
Senselene on him they fittellie did more.

17.  
While thus the Lord for man did intercede  
Procuring grace for them that did him wrong  
In came the actors of that pittie deede  
Rold vp in forged Steele with lances long  
Led by their gracelesse guide, whose loathsome looke,  
Assured his soule salvation he forlooke.

18.  
Armed he presents himselfe with all his crew  
This token giuen, whome euer he should kille  
Not shewing grace they hardlie should peruew  
To bind with cords and vie as they would willer  
That Israel might be freed and they might know  
The Gentiles licence, not Moyses Law.

19.  
In rearing Altars vp in highest places  
In setting sodomes pleasures to the youth  
In worshipping of Beasts on our faces  
In speaking with Saull, Samuell mouth to mouth  
And the Moloch offering vp our broode  
Sprinkling our Altars with their tender blood.

20.  
Thus hauing said without delay he went,  
Vnto the place where he was wont  
Rauish in priuie of holie weale to sing  
Before whose face hee had his heart  
Gathering his teares and singing all his laments,  
And sweetlie singing holie hallowe hymnes.

21.  
With both his hands his head he did reuer,  
His countenance was with a comelull smile,  
A space he stood before his face did see,  
Thinking in thought how best he might him stile,  
As Iohannes said Maister of Lord the best,  
Then clode him in his armes with double kisse.

22.  
O kisses sweete of faultlesse love the pledge,  
The witnesse beares of a faithfull minde,  
Sinlesse conceived borne in the golden age,  
Our hopes full ioyes full enemies by kinde,  
Whohes you taught in this liuing season,  
Some crymes to chaffe now leaue ye of treason.

23.  
With this ylle fin how were ye fast acquaint,  
That lurkes so lowly in the Courts of Kings,  
And maks gold thrilling Courtiers inuent,  
The heauie burden of manie Rings,  
Of all the Devils, who you this counsell geue,  
For threnie pence for foule men deue.

25  
Before this time, I have not seen you,  
When confirmed by you were made:  
Yea, were the wife and the maid,  
To simple maidens, and the maid,  
And in the same way, you were made,  
When I was in the same way.

26  
Old Isaac's life, young Isaac's life,  
Although Rebecca's life, and the life,  
Young Joseph's life, and the life,  
His tender love, and the life,  
And when the son of the son,  
By the son of the son, and the son.

27  
Sweetest Magdalen, the life, and the life,  
That durst not with the life, and the life,  
Faith, love, and the life, and the life,  
Thou camest to the life, and the life,  
Mercy, and the life, and the life,  
Grace, and the life, and the life.

28  
Lyke to this life, none other life,  
In sacred scriptures, nor in write prophane,  
Sauc one that love gave to David's frende,  
When as they met at Gibeon's great stone,  
For after kisses part on either part,  
He thrust his dagger in Amalek's hart.

28.  
Now while our Lord who did attend his hours  
Had suffred thus himselfe to be imbrued  
With tongue that laudie prayer and did poynt  
These taskes all way through lent he chased  
Then onlie to Iudas he this  
Kis thou the Son of man who wilt be killed

29.  
Hes thou corrupted a multitude confus'd  
With torches bright to take the brether three  
Poore simple soules who trust in his name  
The flesh the world all vnder on mee  
Few feeble old vnlike to cruell fight  
Like brute beastes within the cloudes of night

30.  
O dreadfull night of euery eye disdain'd  
Ah, that the Lord in rage did not confound  
(When as the Sonne to heau'n he complaynd)  
Thy fearefull darknes in a flaming come  
Or at the least the earth be aged  
From Chaos brought back againe

31.  
Then to these armed men that stood him by  
Once said he more, who is the man ye seeke?  
Iesus of Nazareth he saide reply  
That makes the blinde to see, the dumbe to speake  
I am the man he said ye trouble so  
Me shall ye haue for my seruants go

32-28

At this word (go) old Pash courage grew  
His hand long bearded did now appear  
Careless of life, with waving sword before,  
And from the high hill down strike the air  
Then shrill he fell in thick of the throng  
With double spur he did his horse command

33-28

The sight of bloods a piteous did move  
In Iesus breast, whole hand did forth restore  
To Malchus ears, and the sword did restore  
Sanct Peter's sword, which he brought forth  
Trew he said, my glory now is past  
Sheath up thine sword and suffer such this day

34-28

Of this thy fierce force, what shall I think  
Both would and would not manifestly  
For thine, thine spirituell cuppe to drinke  
His will it is, my will is to obey  
And if I would oppose thee, thou art  
Legions of blessed spirits would fight for me

35-28

O highest God, why did the heavens hold  
That lips vncircumcised should him thus hold  
Why suffered thou that he should be so bold  
To breath on him, with sinning tongue  
Why staid thy Son to persecute the tender  
These folke drawe to thoy with claps of thunder

36.  
Why did his ditches two be so full of  
With his bright eyes like illumes that  
His lippes of lilies that so sweetly close  
Themselves within themselves like fished  
See such conceits & would have thought  
That Caterpillar in a crawling worme

37.  
And thou the selfe of passion  
Thou the true type of flesh  
Thou reconciler thou that dost  
Our loue to God and did his finger  
Thou that sustaine our sin  
Why hadst thou such regards to Adams fall

38.  
The reason is the workman  
Of the most high whose image in his  
Forme of the earth was differing  
From Angels bright ere he by fall  
While being lost the Lord did  
Sent his owne Sonne to restore

39.  
Ere Adam fell the world was  
And to the world the world was  
But fra he fell the world was  
In punishment for his fall  
Both being joyde in one  
Between the wings of the world

40  
Since so it was, that he was become his love,  
So of him left, and in his bosom lay, and said to her  
O blessed spouse, what should I do, that I should  
Herself to have in such a manner, as I should  
Why left she him alone in such distress,  
Fleeing so far into the wilderness?

41  
Fears made her flight, her flocke for feare they fled,  
For love to both, the shepherde smitten was  
Merciesse bound, by lawe innumere led,  
To Plutoes perils, Priests, prouds, Caplains,  
There to be kept, scourged, whipped, bound, & bound,  
By clownes, with thornes, with rods & scyres bound.

42  
For loe alasse, he goes to Annas bound,  
Annas him sent unto his father in lawe,  
And Caiphas to Herod did him bound,  
Who looked with curious eyes he might have knowne,  
Who beinge frome & mocke, with eye distaine,  
To Pilate is he posted backe againe.

43  
But as he went, of how contrair effects  
In persons two, he at an instant thought,  
For with one eye his mercie he directe  
To Peter, which remore of conscience sought,  
And with the other hee looked on the  
The signe of sorrow and his penitence.

44  
For though he pressed to the death  
And to the Scribes the filling of the argument  
Although he was in his hands for the world  
And for the face of the world the complaint  
Yet of the high high he found no grace  
Because repentance now could find no place

45  
Whiles would he have his face to the world  
Whiles with his face the earth he would increase  
Whiles zoule and zoul with confused day  
Crying, he had his face to the world  
As left despair of hope, a place he had  
Betweene the heaven and earth himself he had

46  
While this he did the Scribes and the Pharisees  
Accuse he is, with all the multitude  
Who in his presence could stand  
The words but not the meaning what he said  
That he the Temple here should build  
And build the same againe in dayes three

47  
Then all the people with the Elders  
And sought what he against these men should say  
But silence was his answer to these  
Who thought their face would put him in a way  
Till the high Priest this charge to him he gave  
If he the Son of the God of the Jews he was

Then he was the first to fly out  
The name of which was the first  
And the first to fly out  
Praxis with the first to fly out  
Where is one of the first to fly out  
The world is the first to fly out

With closing eyes they say  
What need is there of the first  
Himself the first to fly out  
Born with the first to fly out  
The first to fly out  
The first to fly out

The confessions of the first  
He is the first to fly out  
Within the first to fly out  
So sure as the first to fly out  
Let the first to fly out  
Let the first to fly out

For then among the first the first  
Some first to fly out  
And they had one first to fly out  
In prison deep who was first to fly out  
The first to fly out  
The first to fly out

The first to fly out  
The first to fly out

Him for our Lord the people got in chole  
Their rage to pacie on him to houle  
But thousand thousand shrowed with one voice  
Crucifie Christ and be the traitor  
As to his blood and his innocencie  
Let light on vs, and our posteritie.

Then Pilate ride on night beheld the man  
And poynted him as abject slave most vane  
The clownes and cast as heere he on him lay  
Spit in his face, when they his head did lay  
His rauen-blacke ending name in blood  
Syne bad him prophete who had him in mot.

Looke how within the rock and under stone  
When windes have passed, heere earth is shone  
Doth make a dreadfull and confused sound  
Shaiking the fildes, and euerie where  
Tall forrests, cities, towres and mountaynes tremble  
So did the people with wrath and rage relemble.

The louder the more they might him greele  
Proude of the power they had him of his coate  
Seamelesse it was in his style and hede  
Who should the same shewle they did all for  
A purple robe they bound about him high  
With bended knees they cry, God bless the King

56.  
Have ye not bene with in a forging pend,  
When bylling yron hath got a lowing hend,  
Strong Primizes with hammer hard contend,  
Who should the strongest stroke on an anvil send,  
And yet in all this he never looses,  
As if one mad they clinked cunningly.

57.  
Euen so these villanes wickedlie proceede,  
In ruthlesse rage to trye with stroke about,  
The first would prene to stroke him to the deede,  
The next would cane the longume round about,  
The thrid with grining teeth would breake his ryce,  
And saying say, we know the Princes pryce.

58.  
A triple twisted crowne of thornes they pier,  
With poynted searching pykes, long, rough & round,  
Of wondrous weight vpon his head they pier,  
And raue his flesh with many mortall wound,  
Within his hand a reede that did foretell  
The sentence fore they fought against them fell.

59.  
On his broad brow that shyned lyke birneist gold,  
A rod they brake (o damnable disorder)  
His crowne to beare one Symon they contrould,  
To Golgotha of dead mens skulles the place:  
Where euery paining that by him zeid,  
After some while he had would not be held.

The eyes that shewen his  
 His chaffers  
 The  
 One  
 Yet  
 Forgive

Softode  
 Dispy  
 Scorne  
 Most  
 A  
 Compt

Yet as ye see  
 Whose  
 Seemes  
 Burning  
 So  
 Though

One thing  
 For  
 This  
 To  
 V  
 Than

[Faint, illegible text at the bottom of the page]

What should I say to thee that I have said  
To thee before in this my life  
What should I say to thee that I have said  
To thee before in this my life  
Yet for remembrance sake  
I will repeat it once again

What should I say to thee that I have said  
To thee before in this my life  
His name is written in the book  
In doomsday's book  
The book of life  
The book of life

Dauid said to the Lord  
The Lord is my strength  
She fought the battle  
He met the Lord  
She said to the Lord  
The Lord is my strength

As thou hast said to me  
What should I say to thee  
To thee before in this my life  
With me in this my life  
The Lord is my strength  
The Lord is my strength

The Lord is my strength  
The Lord is my strength



What more could he do  
But that woman whom with the blood  
Who was by the blood of the Lord  
And when the blood of the Lord  
And tread her downe, yet did he  
By faith, and touching of his ventres hem,

He moored the ship to the shore  
He made the desert a garden  
He made the desert a garden  
He made the desert a garden  
He made the desert a garden  
With heaven borne fire he times two did burne,

He brought the water from the rock  
He gaue the water from the rock  
He parted Iordans river with a word  
He made the iron the water  
He made the iron the water  
He made the iron the water  
And made young Sidsch king within the gates,

He feedes ten by Noe in the deluge  
All wandering beastes and wilde foules  
He fed within the Lemurian hedge  
The angry malmesbury and her hounds  
He fed within the Lemurian hedge  
With roaring raven and ravenous



